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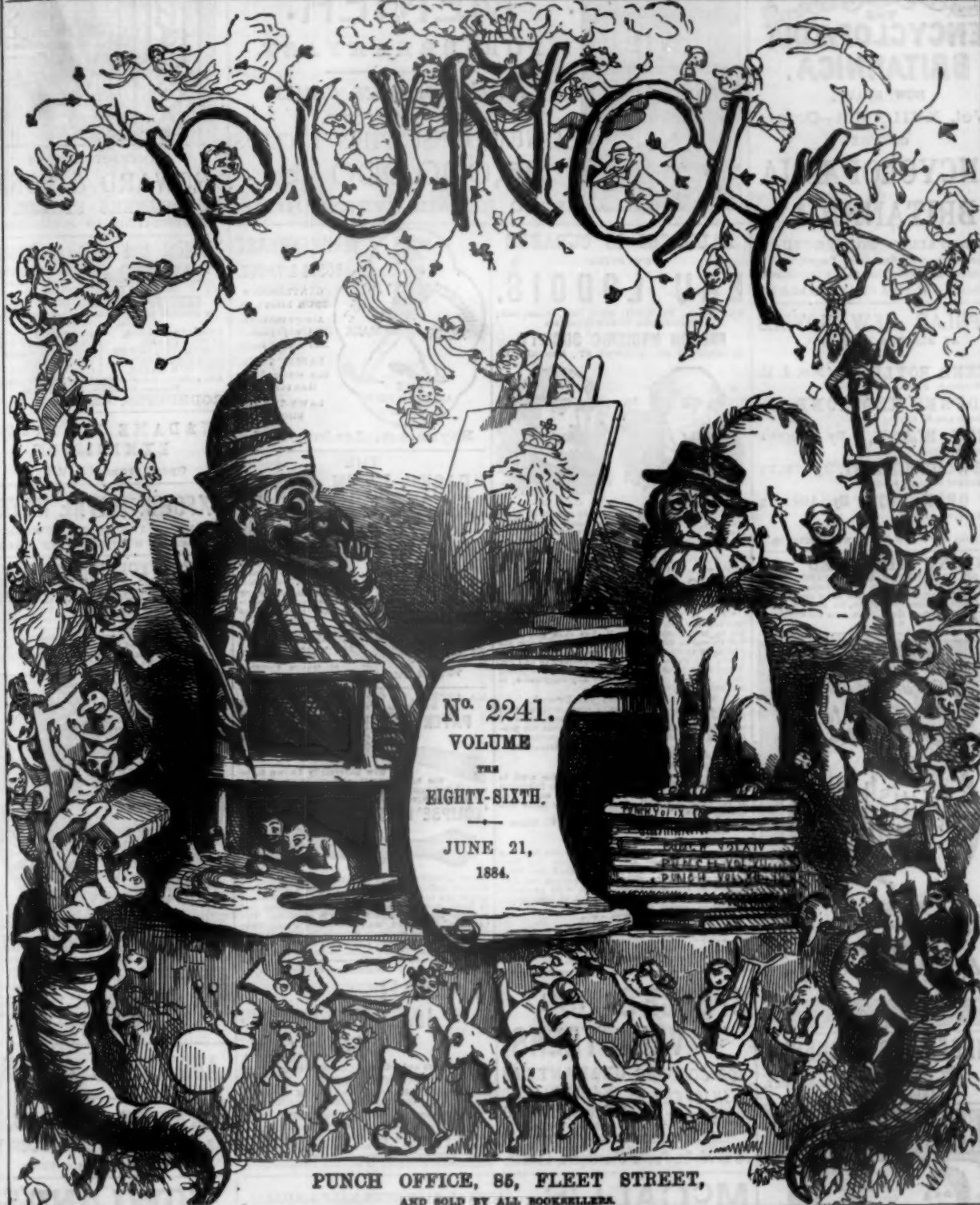
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## THE TOWN.

## III.—KENSINGTON. ART AT HOME.

*Arts longa est, and long is the array  
Of Art announcements which suffice the Season*



In leaden London with auroras gay  
Of rosy promise. When the Embankment trees on  
Droops the dim greenery of a cockney May,  
Then, borne like swallow chirps October's breeze on,  
Where'er Society's parrots flock and chatter,  
Resound artistic slang and studio patter.

Show Sunday's come and gone. The bores and bored  
Have changed their hunting-ground; the Studio now  
With adjectives prolonged, shrill, double-scored,  
The ecstatic "*Per-fect!*" the astonished "*How!*"  
Echoes no longer. Posters tall and broad  
Take up the tale, and Pictor's noble brow  
Is radiant with peace, with worry pale,  
Ruled by the coy contingencies of sale.

What if poor wayward much-vent Haydon's ghost  
Could walk in Kensington? Might he not say,  
Watching the opulent artistic host,  
"The hour has struck for the Ideal to pay"?  
And yet to analyse the agreeable boast  
Might lead to strange revealings. Fashion's sway  
And Mammon's still are strong, still Taste runs mad,  
And Ariel Fancy's slave to brainless Fad.

McTHANE and MUMBOSH! Self-made men again,  
But else how different! One his country's pride,  
He who to Art brought earnestness and brain  
As well as palette-magic. Stride by stride,  
With virile mastery, no step in vain,  
And few from fair prosperity's path aside,  
McTHANE advances with the splendid ease  
Of Phœbus driving o'er the Orient seas.

Whither? To that Art-zenith youthful zeal  
Fixed as the goal of toil and vision high,  
The Elysium of large thoughts whose strong appeal  
The shaping force of sovereign phantasy  
Fires to creative splendour? Ah! the steel  
Which keeps heroic temper still must try  
Titanic tasks. Excalibur's high work  
Demands such steel,—not so the knife and fork.

To play the Titan always, straining ever  
Toward the unattainable far heights  
Of pure perfection, calls for stern endeavour;  
Far pleasanter to woo the soft delights  
Of the superbly and serenely clever.  
The eagle-pinion plumed for skyward flights  
May pulse through storm-wrack with a joy ecstatic,  
But there's much comfort in the tame villatic.

Ask MUMBOSH—MUMBOSH of the mummy face,  
Macassar'd much, a fivefold millionaire,  
Whose whisks and wriggings of Whitechapel grace  
And swaggering angularities of air  
Make the nerves quiver. At his "little place"—  
A spacious palace midmost of Mayfair—  
His painted visage proudly dominates  
A millionsworth of Art,—at current rates.

The mighty MUMBOSH was a shopman's drudge,  
A hawking Dulcamara smart at "patter";  
Then he "conveyed" a patent,—simple fudge,  
Say for a plaster or a soap, what matter?—  
Its owner he outjockeyed and bade trudge.  
MUMBOSH had potent faith in cant and clatter,  
And cant and clatter, plus a little cash,  
Saved him, though seven times on the verge of smash.

The verge? nay, o'er it. But an oily tongue,  
Shrewd schemes and "no effects" were his protection  
Against extremity. He would have hung  
Blue heaven with posters, spread the foul infection  
Of lying hideousness eve's stars among,  
Or "billed" the dawn, if by such coarse subjection  
Of Nature to the Advertiser's art  
He could have given his wares another start.

But now, his millions sacked by world-spread guile,  
He turns Art-patron on a princely scale;  
Name-led, yet shrewd at market-rates the while,  
Arch quickener, not of genius but of sale.  
His "taste" might move McTHANE's broad British smile,  
But proud Mæcenæ might with envy pale.  
To find his connoisseurship's bright renown  
Dimmed by the cheque-book power of a clown.

And yet if, like the tasselled falcon, Art  
Stoop to the flattering touch of Mammon's hand;  
If Humbug, having played its huckster part  
To the great golden end, will swell the band  
Of the sham *cognoscenti*, if the mart  
Is reared amidst the Muses' sunny land,  
What help, since Art itself espies no dangers,  
Although its temple swarm with money-changers?

May Satire scourge them thence? Why, Midas now  
Is a sleek gentleman who undertakes  
To gild the laurels on the uplifted brow  
Of Genius. Studio splendour, wealth that wakes  
Philistine wonder, brings blue blood to bow  
Before the easel—these are highish stakes  
In the great social game, which if Art play,  
Even a MUMBOSH serves to pave the way.

Too sour? too sweeping? Well, these mansions proud,  
These studios sultanese, these halls immense,  
The fulsome cackle of the applause crowd,  
Are no rewards of dull incompetence.  
When Pegasus with the clown's oxen ploughed,  
He was winged hippogriff, no packhorse dense.  
But Art is false to Art's supremest claims  
Which stoops with willingness to vulgar aims.

Plasters to please earth's hordes of easy gulls  
Tax only common craft, whose guerdon's gold;  
But Mammon the fine edge of Genius dulls,  
Finds it inspired, and leaves it tame and cold.  
The man who on Town's pavement chalks, and culls  
Scant harvest, smears for bread; his claim is bold.  
But many a canvas on a gilded wall  
Is but superb "pot-boiling" after all.

Immortal Art! Thou proud prerogative  
Of the great weakling, Man, Promethean gift,  
Redeeming the dull round wherein we live,  
Piercing life's cloud-pall with a roseate rift,  
Whence gleams a light great Science cannot give;  
Creative force, which worldly pride and thrift  
School to subservience, till men blindly bless  
The creeping palsy of a low success:

Not *thee* the facile flout, the airy sneer  
Assail successfully! But, fashion-fed  
And lucre-lured, thy votaries, who might peer  
With Art's unbending Abdiels, bow the head  
To social shams, and sleek the Midas ear  
Of any huckster-humbug who has bled  
Fraud-sullied ducats freely, proud to score  
In Genius one blind tributary more!

THE RELIEF OF GORDON.—Next Saturday will be the last appearance this Season of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as *Geoffrey Gordon* in that most amusing of all Criterion pieces, *The Great Divorce Case*. "We hear them speak of the Better Land"—and this, for Actors, appears to be America. Absence, it is just as well to hint to Messrs. IRVING and WYNDHAM, does not make the London Theatre-going Public's heart "grow fonder." To both our advice is, in the words of the old glee, "Stay, brother, stay!"



## CLASSICAL.

*Aesthetic Hairdresser (to Irritable Customer, who said he was in a hurry). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I DON'T MIND ANY TROUBLE FOR A HARMONIOUS EFFECT! I FLATTER MYSELF THERE'S NO OTHER ARTIST IN THIS CITY CAN SO WELL ARRANGE THIS DRAPERY TO IMITATE THE ROMAN TOGA!"*

## OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

## PART II.—"THE EAT-ERIES."

As, seemingly, the great object of nine-tenths of the Exhibitors at South Kensington is to excite the appetite of the passer-by, it is not surprising that by eight o'clock he becomes ravenous. From the moment of his entrance his senses have been dazzled with displays of the most seductively-arranged food. Now his eyes have rested gloatingly upon vast piles of *bon-bons*, now gazed greedily at seemingly uncounted stores of wedding-cake. He has paused for a moment, and some enthusiastic inventor of compressed vegetables or wafer-biscuits has forced earnestly, nay, almost brutally, a specimen of the "extract of cucumbers" or the "skeleton picnic" into his unresisting mouth. But although these oppressively gratuitous morsels may appease for a moment, they cannot stave off the desire for dinner. As this Handbook is nothing if not practical, the Earnest Seeker after Health shall be told how to proceed in his search for substantial food.

Say, then, it is eight o'clock on a Wednesday evening. The subject of my care has just returned from the Albert Hall, where he has listened to BISMARCK'S Cuirassiers defiantly blowing their own trumpets. He has made mental notes of the remarks he has heard about their broad shoulders, their white uniforms, and their want of medals. He has joined in the burst of admiration that has rewarded their efforts to play music written for the sweetest of strings upon the brassiest of brass. He has grown so accustomed to their *tours de force* that were he told that they were just going to imitate on a couple of dozen trombones the bleating of a lamb or the warbling of a nightingale, he would receive the intelligence without the faintest suspicion of astonishment. He has noticed their cavalry swagger and their fondness for beer, and has returned to the Entrance-Hall. Before him is the Southern Gallery. In the distance he sees little groups, composed of the heads of families and their wives and daughters, gravely tasting this and tasting that. One old gentleman is sipping, seemingly much against his will, a new kind of coffee, while another, with no better grace, is gloomily regaling on con-

densed milk. Our Earnest Seeker after Health pulls himself together, and makes for the Dining-Saloons.

His first visit is to the apartment devoted to "cuts off the joint" and "plainest dinners." He knows from experience that here he can usually get a fair meal—if he likes to take pains over it, a very good one. But to-day is Wednesday, and the crowd is what "ROBERT" would call "tremenjus." Every table is occupied. Sad would-be diners stand at the entrance, gazing with savage resignation at those who are feasting. Hungry Dowagers vainly seek for redress—some try to wheedle a passing waiter to get them a place, others attempt to bully the Manager. But neither course brings with it dinner. There is no room for the Public, so no one wants its company. So the Health-seeker gazes with respect at the fortunate possessor of a plate of hot boiled beef, and mournfully passes away. Having left Salon I. he comes to Salon II., where an even more desperate crowd are waiting for food. Were it not Wednesday—a half-crown day—some alarm might be felt at the angry spirit of the crowd. The enhanced price of admission, no doubt, has secured a better class of people than those who usually patronise the place on a shilling day; still there is mischief in the air. It only wants a William Tell or a Masaniello to constitute himself leader of the wild and hungry throng to carry the tables by storm, capture the joints, and possibly massacre the waiters. After pausing in vain for some ten or twenty minutes, to see whether Fortune will smile upon him, and give him a place, the Health-seeker turns his back upon "cuts from the joint," not only in sorrow, but in anger, and continues his promenade along the South Gallery.

Rather roughly refusing the ministrations of a charitable Gentleman, who would feed him with several mouthfuls of some patent food or other, he comes to a crowd of well-dressed people hovering near a turnstile, who are evidently victims to the demon Indecision. Now some of these individuals advance, and peer into an apartment beyond the turnstile, and then hurriedly retire, as if they had seen, like VIRGIL and DANTE in the *Inferno*, some terrible sight; ultimately they all disappear towards the Machinery in Motion, with heads bowed down, glistening eyes, and other symptoms suggesting the mournfullest dejection. But the Earnest Health-seeker is not to be turned aside by the deportment of these "feeble ones" (as the





## A PARK PUZZLE.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN IS ENGAGED IN EARNEST CONVERSATION WITH ELDERLY EQUESTRIAN. PUZZLE—HAS HE ARRESTED A FENIAN, OR A HORSE-STEALER?

SOLUTION, GIVEN FOR ONCE.—NO, HE IS ONLY COLLECTING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR POLICE ORPHANAGE ENTERTAINMENT—WHICH SEEMS TO BE THE PRINCIPAL OBJECT THE MOUNTED POLICE OF ROTTEN ROW HAVE IN VIEW.

departing crowd would certainly be called in the English translation of the *libretto* of an Italian Opera), so he braces up his nerves, produces a silver coin, which he exchanges for a red token, passes the turnstile, and finds himself in—

## THE SHILLING DINNER!!!

On either side of him are thin bench-like tables, plentifully garnished with crumbs and dirty glasses. There is a bar at one end, and a kitchen, seen through an open window, at the other. When the eyes of the Health-seeker have grown accustomed to the bustle of some Waitresses of uncertain ages, in what appear to be nightcaps, who seem excessively fatigued, he notices that amongst the diners are many well-known faces. He recognises, for instance, that old *gourmet*, JACKSON of the Columbus Club. In the coffee-room of the palatial establishment just mentioned JACKSON is the master of his slave the Steward, and the terror of all the waiters, from the Head downwards. If his soup is cold, if his *entrée* is overdone, if they have dared to send up mint-sauce with his lamb ("A mistake, Sir! It absolutely ruins the flavour of the meat!"), JACKSON's wrath is so great that its echoes can be heard in Charles Street and St. James's Square. In spite of this, here is JACKSON, with his eye-glass and his white hair, and his hat on one side, eating the Shilling Dinner! He smiles a rolicksome smile as he catches the eye of the Health-seeker, and devours a rather messy plate of boiled fish as if the proceeding was replete with humour, but he keeps his back upon the entrance and the peering crowd beyond! Next he attempts a jocular flirtation with a Veteran Waitress who has brought him some mutton, cut very near the knuckle, and assumes the air of a *Don Giovanni* who is "dog enough" to sacrifice his digestion to his love of adventure. The Veteran Waitress (who probably is the grandmother of other waitresses) is surprised and flattered at JACKSON's unexpected gallantry, and brings him a piece of dry pudding dabbed down upon a plate, with much old-fashioned coquetry, upon which JACKSON orders, with a knowing wink, a penny-worth of cheese. Then the detected and economical *gourmet* looks round with a glass in his eye and a smile on his lips, on the chance of recognising some face he knows by sight, who, if so recognised, will be then and there invited to assist in the

capital jest of JACKSON detected in stealthily eating, *à la Don Juan*, a Shilling Dinner! By this time the Health-seeker will himself have finished his messy portion of boiled fish, his mutton cut very near the knuckle, and his dry bit of pudding dabbed down upon a plate. He will go out, after putting some pence in a sort of wooden pyramid for the benefit of the Veteran Waitresses, and walk to the end of the Gallery. He will here be attracted by the wax presentation of some food under a glass-case, which will excite his envy. On closer examination, the Health-seeker will find that the viands at this moment so strangely fascinating to him compose the dietary of a convict sentenced to a term of hard labour!

VERY LITTLE "MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM."—In the *Daily Telegraph* we read that, at the Earl of CLARENDON's sale, Pommery '74, realised from 140s. to 148s., and at a sale at CHRISTIE'S, the same wine was sold for 150s. per doz. As JOHN LEECH's Farmer said, "Oi'd loike zum o' that in a moog." And to think that we should have to pay twenty shillings a bottle for this at a Restaurant's, and then—not get it, there being a mysterious process called "blending," which impairs the quality without diminishing the price. A "Blender,"—in this sense, at least, as there is fair blending,—ought to be punished as if he were a "Welsher," or something like it,—at least, that's our view of such a "Blender."

"A CATCH" arranged as a duet for Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE:—

A note, a note, a note from FERRY.  
We have arranged it nicely, very.  
But it is only tempo-ferry!

THE REPRESENTATION OF WOMEN.—Plenty of it already—in the photograph shop-windows.

SHOCKING BAD HUSBANDRY.—Baby-Farming.



## HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

Wagg. "I SAY IT'S A WEASEL!" Grigg. "I SAY IT'S A STOAT!"  
 Wagg. "MY DEAR FELLOW, A STOAT'S SO WEASILY DISTINGUISHED!"  
 Grigg. "A WEASEL'S STOATALLY DIFFERENT, MY DEAR FELLOW!"  
*[Proceed unabashed on their Tour.]*

## RATHER LARGE AND EARLY.

It is with regret that we found ourselves unable to accept the invitation of Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS, of No. 1, Poultry, E.C., to inspect at a private view "the Gold Casket designed and manufactured by them to the order of the Corporation of the City of London for presentation to Earl SHAFTESBURY," for from the printed circular appended to their voucher Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS appear to have produced between them quite a unique specimen of this style of art. "The Casket," we are told, is of Gothic design, and displays, among some striking features which include "the City Griffin," "the Arms of Earl SHAFTESBURY," not only "enamelled in their proper Heraldic colours," but, and this is quite a fresh and subtle surprise,—"flanked by festoons of fruit and other rich ornament." The clever mystery which is here suggested appears to be continued in some other portions of the design, modestly described as "very appropriately symbolical of the labours of his Lordship for the well-being of his fellow-men, particularly for those who stand most in need of such assistance."

"The Casket," continues the explanatory Voucher, "is surmounted by the figure of an Angel, representative of that Providence whose instrument Earl SHAFTESBURY has ever considered himself. The figure hovers over a well-clad boy and girl, the latter industriously plying her knitting needles." But with a strange and quite unnecessary limiting of the Earl's practically providential powers, we are told that lower down, "a ragged crossing-sweeper and a poorly-clad female with hunger-smitten children," are to be found "flanking the Casket." This is a grim and rather ill-natured set-off to the attitude of the Angel presiding over the well-dressed youth and industrious maiden higher up. As, however, some broken fetters indicating "freedom from vice and ignorance," are conspicuous on the reverse panel, while "a lighthouse, behind which the sun has just risen above the horizon," giving "promise of a brighter day," and this, too, "in repoussé work," stands in the background, it is to be presumed that the hunger-smitten children can at least feed upon hope, which, by the way, in a manner very amusingly suggestive of a hearty meal, is represented round the corner by a real anchor. Though no doubt a little puzzling to the *virtuoso* without the aid of the explanatory voucher, the whole design of the Casket does considerable credit to Messrs. GEORGE EDWARD AND SONS, and it ought, if he can find a convenient place to stow it, not only to please but even surprise Earl SHAFTESBURY.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL;  
A STREATLEY SONATA.

AM! Here I am! I've drifted down—  
 The sun is hot, my face is brown—  
 Before the wind from Moulsoford town,  
 So pleasantly and fleetly!  
 I am not certain what's o'clock,  
 And so I won't go through the Lock;  
 But wisely steer the *Shuttlecock*  
 Beside the "Swan" at Streatley!

And when you're here, I'm told that you  
 Should mount the Hill and see the view;  
 And gaze and wonder, if you'd do  
 Its merits most completely:  
 The air is clear, the day is fine,  
 The prospect is, I know, divine—  
 But most distinctly I decline  
 To climb the Hill at Streatley!

My Doctor, surely he knows best,  
 Avers that I'm in need of rest;  
 And so I heed his wise behest  
 And tarry here discreetly:  
 'Tis sweet to muse in leafy June,  
 'Tis doubly sweet this afternoon,  
 And so I'll land and lunch and moon  
 Before the "Swan" at Streatley!

But from the Hill, I understand  
 You gaze across rich pasture-land;  
 And fancy you see Oxford and  
 P'raps Wallingford and Wheatley:  
 Upon the winding Thames you gaze,  
 And, though the view's beyond all praise,  
 I'd rather much sit here and laze  
 Than scale the Hill at Streatley!

I sit and lounge here on the grass,  
 And watch the river-traffic pass;  
 I note a dimpled, fair young lass,  
 Who feathers low and neatly:  
 Her hands are brown, her eyes are grey,  
 And trim her nautical array—  
 Alas! she swiftly sculls away,  
 And leaves the "Swan" at Streatley!

She's gone! Yes, now she's out of sight!  
 She's gone! But still the sun is bright,  
 The sky is blue, the breezes light  
 With thyme are scented sweetly:  
 She may return! Here's lunch at last!  
 I'm glad enough to break my fast,  
 And make an excellent repast  
 Within the "Swan" at Streatley!

BEARDING THE BARD;  
OR, ANOTHER LITTLE INTERVIEW.

UPON the public announcement the other day that, "Owing to the innumerable Manuscripts and Letters sent to him, Lord TENNYSON wishes it to be understood that in future he cannot undertake to answer the letters or return the MSS.," we thought—writes a certain journal—it might be of public interest to learn from Lord TENNYSON's own lips his views on this and other subjects. One of our Staff accordingly called on the Poet Laureate at his Lordship's private residence, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Questioner. Can you give me some rough idea of the number of letters received at your residence every day?  
 Lord Tennyson. No, I can't.

Questioner. I represent the Editor of the *Sell-Well Gazette*, and I think it would be likely to be extremely interesting to the innumerable readers of that journal if your Lordship were kindly to favour me with some notion of who your great-grandmother was, the place of your own early education, the number of times you were birched at school (if at all), the different publishers you have employed, your Lordship's method in composing verse, &c., &c. I gathered just now from the attendant, who seemed to be watching me rather suspiciously in the hall, that your Lordship composed standing up. Would you kindly inform me where you usually stood when—



Lord Tennyson (angrily). On my head, Sir.

Questioner. Indeed! That is very interesting. May I further inquire what is the nature of the literary work on which your Lordship is at present engaged?

Lord Tennyson (more calmly). Well, I don't mind telling you that I am bringing out a Political Epic,—composed in the intervals of business in the House of Peers, which is a good deal better than anything in the *Iliad*. Poor old MILTON can't hold a candle to it—but then, you see, MILTON wasn't a Lord, like me. As for BROWNING and all his works, why,—

Questioner. Oh, of course. But this Political Epic? May I ask who are the chief characters in the story?

Lord Tennyson (condescendingly). You may. Mr. GLADSTONE is *King Arthur* naturally, and then Lord SALISBURY stands for *Lancelot*, who's just run off with *Guinevere*—that's the public opinion of the country, you know. Am trying to work in "G" in the *Fortnightly*, but the subject does not lend itself readily to poetry. Think of making *Escort* into *Merlin*, you know. Then the "Passing of *Arthur*" has to be turned into the Passing of the Franchise Bill by *Arthur*—or in other words by GLADSTONE—but it's all rather difficult to manage.

Questioner. Quite so. Evidently the Poem will be highly allegorical. Does your Lordship find claret or champagne the best liquid to take as an aid to composition?

Lord Tennyson. Neither. All my most recent verse has been produced on a diet exclusively consisting of milk and water. That was what made *The Cup* so sparkling.

Questioner. Indeed? And now I should be glad to know what the object is of the individuals who send their MSS. to your Lordship, as stated in the Daily Papers.

Lord Tennyson. I cannot conceive. There are execrable imitations of my choicest poetic efforts—the *May Queen* seems to specially attract the efforts of the emulative poetaster. Then an anonymous person wishes me to express my approval of some *Songs after Sunset*, and, by the hand-writing, I believe them to be the work of Mr. SWINBURNE, who thus wishes to creep into a little notice through my recommendation.

Questioner. And the letters you receive? Would you mind giving me a specimen or two of the sort of correspondence that pours in upon you?

Lord Tennyson. Well, this morning I've received an offer of a "handsome commission" from a firm of lucifer-match makers, if I could say something flattering of their "Unbearable Brimstone Vestas" in verse, in the style of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, if possible. The proprietor of an East-End Music-Hall also wishes to know if I am open to an engagement to produce something startling and melodramatic, in the style of *Maud*, for his theatre; and a travelling Circus asks if I think I could manage to dramatise *The Princess*, so as to make it suitable for their leading equestrienne. Everybody writes to me as if I were completely idle—

Questioner. Instead of being engaged in writing Idylls! They really ought to be ashamed to "vex the Poet's mind" in that way.

Lord Tennyson. "With their shallow wit." Yes. So ought you. Then an American Showman writes to say that there are "thousands of dollars in it" if I were to come over there, like IRVING, and recite some of my poems—*The Revenge*, for instance—dressed in my House-of-Lords' robes, on public platforms. DICKENS did it, he says, and he had no robes, so why the dickens shouldn't I? He tells me I should be paid liberally, by results. Evidently these poor plebeians don't know what—or how much—is due to a Peer of the Realm.

Questioner. I have only one more question to put to your Lordship. If your Lordship would kindly acquaint me, in blank verse, if possible, with the name of your hatter, the date of your last new shirts, and—

Lord Tennyson. Minion! Am I to be insulted in my own house? FAWCETT has yet to read and writhe under my Lyric about the *Parcels Post*. But to be asked the name of my hatter! Perhaps you would like to know something about my bootmaker,—because—

[At this point our Energetic Interviewer was compelled to leave, having an engagement elsewhere.]

NECESSARY CAUTION.—An American says that whenever he sees an advertisement of "Raised Pies," he immediately wants to know, "where they were raised." And should he taste them, his first question generally is, "How's that for High?"

## A TALE OF THE DOVER EXPRESS!

How did I do it? Well, sit you down, if you've got ten minutes to spare, And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to me—well, to me and my mate out there.

Don't put it all down to our boast and brag, for I'll take my oath we try We engine fellows, to stick to the rail, if we happen to live or die. It isn't because with filth and grease we are covered from foot to head That we haven't got pluck like soldier BILL in his uniform smart and red. We haven't got bands to tootle to us, nor women, nor mates to cheer, We march at the sound of the station-bell, and the scream of the wind in our ear, We have gals to love us, and children, too, who cling to the face and neck, Though we're never called to the grand parade, or march'd to the hurricane deck, A man's a man when he does his work—well, it may be more or less, But in Fenian days you should say your prayers when driving the Dover Express!

We started off—'twas a night in June—and the beautiful moon shone bright Through the silent glass of the station, when our Guard sang out "All right!" He was in charge of the train, the Guard—but me and my mate just then Had taken in pledge, for good or for ill, the lives of the women and men. Away we went at a splendid pace when we'd coupled and left Herne Hill, Behind was the roar of a city on fire, in front was the country still. Then we came to a point where we always turn, and mutter a sort of pray'r For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in the town, from the men in the engine's glare.

It wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did anyone trouble a rap? The honeymoon couples were locked in fast, and the others were playing at 'nap'; Papers, and smoking, and gossip, and chaff; does it ever strike them that a nerve Is required from the men who must drive in the dark an express round the Chatham curve?

I looked at my watch, we were up to time, and the engine leapt and sped To the river we cross as it runs to the sea, with the Rochester lights ahead!

I often think of the train behind and the passengers fast asleep, As we slow on the pace just to tackle the curve round Strood and Rochester Keep. It puzzles those foreigner chaps who cross where the river in silence flows, With the Castle one minute miles away and the next right under your nose. You have felt the jerk? Well, that's no odds, maybe you'd have felt more odd With a mate by your side at the engine-fire, who suddenly cried, "My God! There's something ahead on the six-foot way! Look there!" And I held my breath.

A something! And what? on the rails ahead—we must drive for our lives or death!

There wasn't a second to pause or think, though I saw by the lights of the train The river, the viaduct, scenes of home we never should visit again. "What shall you do?" Then I turned and saw Tom's piteous face and sad. "What shall I do? Hold fast, my boy! I shall cram on the pace like mad!" Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—in a second a crash, a leap, Right into the iron engine tore, with the passengers fast asleep. It reeled at the shock did their devilish snare, to the rush and the roar and the beat, Before was dear life and the light and the air; behind was the dust of defeat! Away to the rear went Rochester town, its danger, its storm and stress, We'd taken a pledge, and we kept it, Sir, in saving the Dover Express!

They're sending the hat round! thank you, kind, for me and my mate, you say, Well, the money will come in easy like, when we're laid on the shelf some day. It's only right that the women and men who arrived at Dover town, And were saved that night round Rochester curve should cheerfully "plank it down."

But we don't want money for what we've done—there's something better than gain If a man can earn his Victoria Cross in charge of a railway train! If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck, and is thoroughly English made, As well in front of a fierce express as in rear of a bold brigade! But there's something far better than money to me, tho' it's terrible hard in Town To give the young 'uns their annual shoes, and the missus a decent gown, I'd give your money up every cent, and the moment I'd gladly bless When you hand us the villain who wanted to wreck our lives on the Dover Express!

"FIELD EXPERIMENTS AT WOBURN."—Last week the Royal Agricultural Society made their annual inspection of the manurial experiments upon the estate of the Duke of BEDFORD at Woburn. It was all very nice, and the cultivation, as the *Times* reports, "as clean and perfect as possible." We wish we could say the same of that other property of the Duke of BEDFORD's, which Mr. Punch was long ago compelled to christen "Mud Salad Market, the property of His Grace the Duke of MUDFORD." What a blot it is in the centre of London! Last Friday afternoon, about four, it was beautiful to the eyes and sweet to the nostrils. The carts were all along Tavistock Street, and well down into Southampton Street, and the threading of the labyrinth by our cabman, who, of course, chose this as his shortest cut to Fleet Street, was as exciting as a N.W. Passage, and as interesting as "manurial experiments" at Woburn, where of course the Duke is Lord of the Manor, and in Covent Garden he is Lord of the — well, we should spell "manor" in a different manner, but we only wish that the Healthier Committee, in one of its Conferences, would just be a little practical and suggest some way of beneficially dealing with the manurial rights of the Duke of MUDFORD in Mud Salad Market.



### "FOR THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

*Aunt Mary.* "YOU HEARD THE VICAR PUBLISH THE Banns BETWEEN UNCLE GEORGE AND ELLEN THOMPSON!"

*Ethel (who has never been present at this Ceremony before).* "YES—IT SEEMS RATHER A SHAME TO TELL EVERYBODY HOW OFTEN HE'D BEEN REFUSED, THOUGH!"

### EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

(By a Simple-minded but Assiduous Newspaper Reader.)

CONFUSION and chaos! I yield to despair!  
And stick—metaphorical—straws in my hair!  
That dashed Fifteen Puzzle, the speeches of CROSS,  
And LORD RANDY'S defence, leave my mind at a loss;  
But what are they single, united, or mixed,  
To the tidings from Cairo? No feature is fixed  
In that *fata Morgana* of muddle and lies;  
And now I should hear without any surprise  
That the MAHDI had triumphed, or gone to the wall,  
Or—more probably—never existed at all:  
That GORDON was victor, or caught in a net,  
Or safe home with the chief of the *Pall Mall Gazette*,  
Or gone to the Congo, or Paris, or prison:  
That the Nile had dried up, or abnormally risen,  
And drowned OSMAN DIGNA, or flooded Khartoum:  
That HEWETT had triumphed, or met with his doom:  
That GRANVILLE with ZEREBE a vile intrigue carries on,  
Having as aim to get rid of each garrison  
Promptly by slaughter; that GLADSTONE will back him,  
Or cringe at his heels, or remorselessly sack him:  
That BISMARCK, to spite the Grand Old One, won't blench  
From sending his army to back up the French!  
The old Plague of Darkness was nought to the new one.  
There's but one "report" I could trust as a true one:—  
That Truth had forsaken the Land of the Pharaoh,  
And the Father of Lies had head-quarters at Cairo.

STARTLING Heading in the *Times*:—"The Emperor WILLIAM on the Poles." As Mrs. SIDDONS said, when she heard that the French Minister had died in his bureau, "And how gat he there?" Was WILLIAM doing German gymnastics? And is BISMARCK following on stilts?

### JUSTICE AND JESTING.

IN his glib and rollicking speech at the Mansion House the other night, the Merry Master of the Rolls warned his hearers not to be too fond of the Judges, and not to go to law at all; adding, at the same time, that the law could not be quick or cheap, and that if it ever became either the one or the other, it would be "the greatest misfortune that could happen to the country."

A certain licence is allowed to the funny man in an after-dinner speech, but this bit of wagery at the City Banquet from the distinguished and learned *comique* of the occasion, is almost a little too strong. That Englishmen, as their miserable legal machinery is now contrived, had best not go to law at all, is obvious enough; for what is known as "going to law" means for them nothing more or less than contributing a ruinous subscription to the support of one of the most bare-faced and grasping monopolies that a comparatively free and intelligent people have ever tolerated. What has the Merry Master of the Rolls to say, for instance, to the costs in the not-yet forgotten case of *Bell v. Laurens*? or, for the matter of that, to the costs of a thousand and one other cases daily cropping up, in which, injustice, no matter how grave, being done, there is no sort of remedy to be had as things stand, save for those who have a purse long enough to make the loss of a year's income or so a matter of comparative indifference. That the bringing of such "law" as this to any man's door is not exactly the kind of boon to provoke a display of grateful fireworks, no one will be likely to dispute.

But with all deference to the Legal Jester of the Mansion House, there is no question but that the sooner the very poorest man in England can get full and entire justice, without paying for it, the better it will be even for such a humorous big wig as the Master of the Rolls.

"GOING to sell the Fountains Collection," says Mrs. RAMBOTHAM. "Well, the pair at Charing Cross may fetch a trifle,—though I should be sorry to have the whole lot of them on my hands at any price!"





### THE EGYPTIAN HASH.

HEAD COOK. "HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT FLAVOURED, SIR?"

MR. B. "WELL—UM—P'RAPS YOU'D BETTER DO IT YOUR OWN WAY,—ONLY DON'T LET 'S HAVE TOO MUCH FR—HEM!—FOREIGN SAUCE IN IT."

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## HOW PICTURES ARE MADE.

[\*.\* As the Fine Art Society has recently published the Story of how Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S "Cymon and Iphigenia" came to be painted, I feel that I am offering a valuable contribution to Art in reproducing my Sketches and Notes for my great Picture of "Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher," which will soon be exhibited at Walker's Gallery.]



Studies of Simon's Hand. I was uncertain in what attitude to place them. I never do anything in a hurry.

Simon's dexter Finger and Thumb—too like Mr. Punch's Nose. Observe the Rabbit on the Wall.



Study for Simple Simon.

Decided to do him without Legs, and perhaps continue Legs in another Picture.



Rejected Legs intended for Simon.



Study of Boot-tree.

Notes.—I rejected these studies, as my Boot-trees were becoming too leathery in colour and texture. I know the saying, "Nothing like leather,"—but there is something very like leather, and that's my Tree in my Picture of Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher. *Mem.*—Shall alter this. Why not Cork Tree? Will try it.



My Studies for Sleeping Figure of Model or "Effigy Nigher."



Studies of Handles for Simon's Umbrella.



Chalk and Water Study for Effigy Nigher.

"How long! how long!" I rejected this because I fancy I must have been unconsciously reproducing the pictorial advertisement of "Claudian."



Dog or Monkey. (Query?)



Study for Simon's Cat, but considered better to make it Dog.



Study for Simon's Dog,—or Pig—not quite certain.



Study for Simon's Dog, whining. (Why whining?)

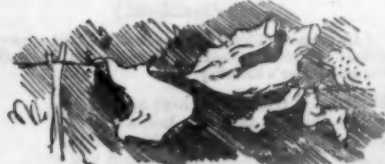


Study for Simon's Dog, or Duck, or Poodle,—uncertain.

\*.\* These Designs will show the infinity of trouble I took with my Picture before I arrived at a decision as to Simon's Dog, what it should be like, whether Dog or no Dog.



Study for Simon's Umbrella—if he is to have one.



Study of Drapery.

This I made by careful and personal observation of our Clothes-line in the back garden.



Study for a lot of People asleep. Sort of Pick-and-Choose-'em-where-you-like, for my Picture of Simon and his Effigy Nigher.



The Result—My Picture of Simple Simon and his Effigy Nigher.

## THREE-PER-CENT. CONSOLATION.

(Song of the Stockholder.)

CONVERSION of the Nation's

Debt,

Oh, what a blessing, what a boon!

The Taxpayers great relief will get

How sensible, how sure, how soon!

Posterity, in after days,  
Will this year's Budget bless  
and praise.

And oh, ye Fundholders, dear friends

And brothers, what although we lose

A portion of the dividends,  
Some sixth of our accustomed dues?Our little loss will prove a great  
Advantage to the suffering State.And if Conversion we decline  
(Some Reprobates may dare do so),

What if we're told, some morning fine,

To take our principal, and go,

And so be driven, though sore afraid,

To stake perchance our all in trade?

Well, well, in speculations rash

Let us beware how we invest,  
Lest we thereby may lose our cash,

But meanwhile hope, boys,

for the best,

And join in cheers, and tol-de-rols

Sung o'er Conversion of Consols.

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 179.

[AUTHENTIC.]



THE WRITER WHO SIGNS HIMSELF "G." IN THE FORTNIGHTLY.

## COMMENDABLE LUNACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Does the following advertisement, which appears in the *Times*, emanate from Colney Hatch? I cannot conceive it is the work of anyone in his sober senses. Look at it! Read it! Reflect upon it! Here it is:—

**MY GOOD FRIEND.**—Have received half-notes of £45. Why persist in such unmerited kindness? I beg you withhold any more.—H.

People are not, unfortunately, in the habit of sending me half-notes for £45, or, indeed, half-notes for anything. If they were, I would reply, through the medium of the *Times* newspaper, thus:—

**MY BEST FRIEND.**—Have received half-notes of £45. Pray persist in such a proper appreciation of merit! I beg you will not withhold any more.—B. B.

Some people never know how to make good use of their opportunities, and those who have this knowledge never have any opportunities to make use of.

Yours impecuniously,  
BENJAMIN BACKBILL,  
221, Stonebroke Street,  
Stumer Square.

AMONGST other taradiddles from Cairo, we were told that the MAHDI had invested Khartoum. This—if true—might have been looked upon as a Prophet-able investment.

## THE SCIENTIFIC SPECTRES.

(By a Physiologist.)

[An eminent Physician has declared that apparitions are often caused by the deranged state of the ghost-seer's health.]

HELLO, old friend, you here again!

'Tis quite an age since last we met;  
I see you've still your clanking chain,  
And that worn shroud is round you yet:  
But, come, you look uncommon grumpy;  
Is it because the churchyard's lumpy?

You're cross because I'm not afraid?

But fancy being in fear of ghosts!

We know the tricks, friend, of the trade;

Why you come single or in hosts.

You're supernatural?—Oh, gammon!

You're simply undigested salmon.

But who's your friend? What, does he rent

The haunted house in Berkeley Square?

Well, well, there's no impediment

Against his coming out for air.

Some folks might fly, but I don't mind him,

Although he's left his flesh behind him.

Why don't I shake?—Why, bless your hearts,

I'll shake my physic. Get your cloaks,

And vanish now you've played your parts

You're naught but pancreatic jokes.

You skeleton I'll bet my hat is—

Just cucumber and lobster patties.

Now, friends, some other victim haunt.

Go back—I won't say to your fires—

And tell the story of your jaunt

To Mr. GURNEY and to MYERS;

Their Psychological Research can't question

That ghosts are only indigestion.

## "WHO IS 'G'?" OR, GUESSES AT TRUTH.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—Among the numerous suggestions already made as to the writer of this famous Article, scarcely one has been anywhere near the mark. You may take it from me that THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE IN THE "FORTNIGHTLY" SIGNED "G" IS LORD GARMOYLE.

Yours truly, F.

SIR,—Negative evidence goes for something. The writer who signed himself "G" was not

•• Our limits will not allow of our publishing all the other Letters of the Alphabet on this subject.—[Ed.]

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE Liberals think that Lord KENSINGTON will "walk in" for Middlesex, with the assistance of a good CAINE. The Conservatives, on the contrary, are of opinion that he will have to "cut his stick."

## A (Scott) Free Rendering.

(By a Misogynist.)

O WOMAN! Suffrageless, you Shes  
Have made the world a Little-ease.  
But with a vote? Great SCOTT! I vow  
Our daily life would be all row!

A MODUS VIVENDI.—At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, one MARY SKINNER pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing six gloves and a bottle of brandy. From hand to mouth.

## A NUT FOR NEWRY.

Q. How would you define the term "mass-meeting"?

A. Leave out the first letter.

"THAT'S what I call *Truite à la Ta-ta*," said a well-known gourmet, when a fine trout escaped from his hook, as he was on the point of landing it.

LYDIA to the Ladies (on the rejection of Mr. Woodall's Amendment).—"Becker luck next time! Keep up your Becker!"

"RACING FIXTURES."—The Horses that don't run.





PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: NO. 16: THE LADIES' NIGHT OR PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.—WOODALL about the House again to-night; back from Aix-les-Bains. Hardly knew him. Cheeks hollow, eyes unnaturally bright, limbs shrunk, shoulders bowed, and one leg fully an inch in girth stouter than the other.

"Don't seem to have left your aches at Aix," I said, with true compassion, for there's not a better fellow in the House than WOODALL, though apt to be imposed upon by Lovely Woman.

"No, TOBY," he said, with weary, listless air. "There are some aches that no baths can wash away. Mine are heart-aches. Haven't had a moment's peace since I took up this conf— I mean this great cause of Woman's Suffrage. Never knew till now the deathless persistency of Woman. Night and day she pursues me. Dread the postman's knock; began of late to go out the back way, but they're round there now. May as well go out like ordinary householder who's paid his taxes. Great mistake for single man to undertake the work. CAINE should have done it, or, better still, JACOB BRIGHT should have stuck to it. He was all right, I believe. In his time question kept strictly on broad political grounds. Good-looking young fellow, unmarried, has no business in this Galley. L. B. does her best to keep crowd off; but begin to suspect L. B. herself. Wish it was over. Couldn't survive another fortnight."

Newry Riots up at Question Time. GIBSON severely asks whether PARNELL's friends in peacefully peregrinating Newry were advised by police not to pass Orange Hall? This too much for TREVELYAN. Orange Hall, it appears, is in main street. Why should Parnellites go by back-way because two ferocious Orangemen waiting for them in hall with loaded pistols? House has suffered a good deal with Parnellites, but loudly cheers TREVELYAN's generous outburst.

Franchise Bill went off to-night in Committee like can of dynamite, only nobody hurt. Little revolt by Scotland: something about payment of Poor's Rates. The MACKINTOSH moved Amendment. On Division defeated by 194 Votes to 9; upon which The MACKINTOSH folded himself up with deftness only acquired by lifelong habit, buckled strap, and got RAMSAY to carry him out of the House. "Put me away for a rainy day," he said, with tear (or perhaps raindrop) in his voice.

At ten minutes past One, CHRISTOPHER STYKES discovered on his legs, curiously regarding SPEAKER through eyeglasses; evidently quite surprised to discover someone in the Chair. As he was there, however, CHRISTOPHER begged to move the Second Reading of the Oyster, Crab, and Lobster Bill. Loud cheers from all parts of the House. Cries for further explanation. Rather a bore to explain a Bill, especially with new pair of gloves on. But must be done. Seems

that oysters taken to swallowing each other, which leads to scarcity; crabs no longer walk backward into basket, and lobsters claim to have a voice in the components of salad. "It is, Sir," CHRISTOPHER observed, with a fresh look of surprise in face at discovering SPEAKER still in Chair, "with no shellfish purpose that I move in this matter, but these things must be nipped in the bud. It is enough to have Agricultural Labourer demanding Franchise. Can't permit spirit of revolution to extend to our shellfish." Loud cheers, during which CHRISTOPHER, after solemnly staring all round, resumed seat. Business done—Original clauses of Franchise Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Saw WOODALL again at Seven to-night. Looks ten years younger, cheeks filled up, both legs getting same size. "Got my speech over, TOBY," he says, "for which, thank Heaven. Never catch me in mess like this again. Haven't spent quiet night or day for last two months. Free now, and mean to keep so. Got a couple of notices written, one for back door, other for front. 'Back in an hour,' it says. Women seeing that, will have to go away. Of course they'll come back in an hour, but they can't do it for more than day or week at most. If that doesn't do, shall go to some quiet place, and give out that I'm gone to China, leaving full address. Women don't like paying fivepence for postage, and that'll choke 'em off. Perhaps one or two will follow. OKE, I'm sure, will. She can't get out and home under four months, then we shall be in Recedes. But it's dreadful work, TOBY, the scheming and dodging for honest and innocent man. Begin now to understand position of Captain Bunsby. Can't read some passages in my *Dombey and Son* without tears wetting the page."

"Well, you made a very good speech," I said, seeing he was getting low again. "Best statement of case yet done. But what did you mean by marriage being the 'solitary vocation of woman'?"

"Thinking of L. B.," he said, in hoarse whisper. "Cases where a man, specially of amiable disposition, can't avoid marriage. Still he might like to take it solitary."

Mr. TOOTS MACIVEN down at quarter to Nine, peering into recesses of Library, opening cupboard-doors and smiling vacuously at vacancy.

"Don't see many down yet," he said. "Thought there might be one or two got in these places by mistake. Mr. BIGGAR promised me a House at Nine, and I know he'll do it. Great thing for me to have his patronage. Took me up up at Birkenhead, you remember; makes me quite easy about my seat there."

Quite true. JOSEPH GILLIS has highest opinion of Mr. TOOTS. Came down to-night at ten minutes to Nine.

"Don't you be afraid," he said to T., whose spectacles were dimmed with emotion and excitement. "Put your trust in JOSEPH and he'll pull you through."

But JOSEPH didn't. Notion of coming down at Nine to hear Mr. TOOTS not attractive, even though coupled with opportunity of having a shy at CHAMBERLAIN. So just as Mr. TOOTS had commenced to read his speech, written on backs of letters in own handwriting, addressed to himself, House Counted Out.

"Shall I go for 'em," said the Game Chicken, whom TOOTS had provided with seat in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. "Jest pint 'em out, Master, and I'll show 'em daylight through back of their bloomin' heads." Game Chicken turned up cuffs and ominously fixed eye on JOSEPH GILLIS, who was crossing Lobby, and in another moment would have been exceedingly surprised.

"No, no; come away," said Mr. TOOTS, tremulously. "All a mistake. Of no consequence. These are my best friends."

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill in Committee.

*Wednesday.*—"Any news to-day from Egypt?" I asked Lord EDMOND FREMANTLE.

"Yes," he said, "there's been another rising."

"What is it this time, the Wady-Halfians?"

"No, the Nile."

Don't know much about foreign politics, not so much for example as ASHMEAD-BARTLETT; but this sounds bad. If the very rivers of a country rise, things must be in dangerous way.

A very pleasant afternoon with Scotch Members. Something about Ecclesiastical Assessments. Fancy things must be rather gloomy in this respect. Never heard anybody so melancholy as Sir ALEXANDER GORDON, till COLIN CAMPBELL appeared on scene. Emotion so profound could hardly hear him. Seems to be sad case all round. Depression shared by audience. Would have given half-a-crown for one of HEALY's yells or JOSEPH GILLIS's shrill "Hear-hears." Deep vein of prevailing sorrow in Scotch constitution. On the whole would rather attend a funeral than the Adjourned Debate on the Ecclesiastical Assessments (Scotland) Bill.

*Thursday.*—TIPPITY WITCHETT, the Maori King, down to-day with his Chiefs. Seats provided for them in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, usually occupied by friends of Irish Members. Nice intelligent Gentleman TIPPITY, though tattooed.

"Think of having House of Commons of my own when I go back, TOBY," he said. "Rather fun to sit in big chair, and order fellows round. Mean to be my own Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms."

"I trust your Majesty has recovered from your recent indisposition?" I asked. Always respectful to Royalty, though, like TIM HEALY, wouldn't know a Crown Prince if I met him in street. If I had met TIPPITY WITCHETT about Westminster, would have thought he was going to Aquarium, or coming back after performance.

"Yes, all right now. *Court Circular*, I am told, said it was rheumatism. Fact is, TOBY, it was sausages. Saw dish of them, for first time, at breakfast three days after I arrived. Tasted them; enchanted; more like—ah! well, don't you know we never do it now, but there *was* a time—well, in delicate flavour more like old times than anything. Ate fourteen. Told they're bad things in hot weather. Nobody looking; put two off dish into trousers-pocket. Secretly ate them. That's what did it. Know better in future. Draw the line at fourteen."

TIPPITY rather bored with House. The Great Chief GOBBLY WOBBLY fell fast asleep whilst LORD JOHN MANNERS speaking. TIPPITY chiefly struck by STANSFELD.

"Who's that engaging young thing with hair nicely oiled and parted down the middle?" he asked.

"That's the Right Hon. JAMES STANSFELD."

"Funny ways you English have. Here's a woman spoiled, and a man made. Suppose he's Member for Middlesex?"

Some difficulty in waking up GOBBLY WOBBLY. Said he hadn't slept much last night; would like to hear another speech.

"Sell sausages?" TIPPITY whispered, as we passed refreshment counter.

"Not in their native simplicity," I said; "might get you one enveloped in thin crust of paste."

"Get me four, dear boy," said His Majesty, a faint blush of eager anticipation showing itself through tattoo-marks. Pressed four sausage-rolls into his dusky hand. Most interesting man. Quite a Child of Nature. *Business done.*—WOODALL'S Woman's Suffrage Clause rejected by 271 Votes against 135.

*Friday.*—Franchise Bill taken at Morning Sitting. Seemed to be going right through. But, with object of checking undue exuberance on part of Government, WHITLEY, WARTON, HICKS, TOMLINSON, TOM COLLINS, and CHARLES LEWIS interposed, and managed to get Bill thrown over.

At Evening Sitting that young Sybarite, T. P. O'CONNOR, who last week complained of absence of silver bells, Bath-chairs, and liveried servants in House, now took up question of Egyptian Loans. Revelled in references to millions sterling. In fact, so free and easy on matter that, as GOSCHEN showed, not particular to twenty millions sterling, here or there. Pretty to see GOSCHEN rattling TIN POT and showing how empty it is, except of parched-peas.

*Business done.*—Franchise Bill getting forrader.

## AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

A MEETING of the "Look-a-head" Radical Club, of Chelsea, was held on Monday last, Mr. FROTH presiding. Among the distinguished visitors present were DIGBY GRAND, Esq., RICHARD SWIVELLER, Esq., Mr. DEAL, Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE, BAFOR NATHAN, SIDNEY BEER, Esq., M.P., Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG, Mr. MICAWBER, Mr. Alderman BADLIE, the Hon. A. HAIRTONGUE, Mr. FLOREY CARNT, Mr. BUNKUM, Mr. GRAE, and many others.

The Chairman said that this meeting had been called to consider what steps should be taken for the purpose of filling up the many lucrative situations in the Grand New Municipality that would be created by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's magnificent Bill, when it passed. ("Hear, hear!") They had had a long time to wait. They had worked like Niggers, and stuck at no amount of lying and slandering, so they could fairly lay claim to the first choice in the numerous good berths that would be vacant. (*Loud Cheers.*) He should be happy to receive any proposition that might be suggested.

DIGBY GRAND, Esq., said that he cordially agreed with every word of their learned Chairman's eloquent address, and he believed he should strike a chord—not the lost chord—(*a laugh*)—with which they would all harmonise, when he proposed that they should head the list about to be sent to their grateful friend, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, by the name of their honoured President, as Deputy Mayor, at a salary of £1,000 a-year. (*Loud Cheers.*)

This was seconded, in an eloquent speech, by Mr. MICAWBER, who said he would willingly surrender his claim to the coveted position, not doubting but that something would turn up that, as the song says, "would just suit him." (*Laughter and cheers.*) The proposal was carried *nam. con.*

The next office being that of Chamberlain, Mr. JEREMY DIDDLE ventured to observe that, as the principal duty of that officer seemed to consist in borrowing various sums of money, his long experience in that line would seem to point him out as the right man in the right place. This irresistible claim being at once admitted, he was selected unanimously, salary £3,000.

The office of Principal Trumpeter was at once assigned to Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG. The office of Judge of the Small Debts Court was allotted to Mr. DEAL, his large experience in that direction being his principal recommendation.

The Hon. A. HAIRTONGUE thought that as the office of Remembrancer required a Gentleman of great tact, good temper, and polished manners, perhaps he might be thought to be admirably suited to that important position. (*A laugh.*) He was then selected.

Mr. FLOREY CARNT begged to suggest, that, as the office of Comptroller was created for the purpose of controlling any exaggerated, or misleading, or untrue statement, made by any of his brother officers, he thought that the Meeting, with their thorough knowledge of his little peculiarities in this respect, and his well-known reverence for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, could not do better than select him for this somewhat difficult position.

Sir BLOWITT WINDBAG said that, on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief—"Order!"—he meant no offence, he would propose that, which was carried.

The President said the next office to fill up would be that of City Solicitor, and as that would, in the future, be an office of very grave responsibility, as the largely-increased rates would, no doubt, be received at first with great dissatisfaction, and would require much firmness on the part of their legal adviser, he should propose that their well-known friend RICHARD SWIVELLER, Esq., be selected for that position.

SIDNEY BEER, Esq., M.P., said he was somewhat surprised to hear this last statement of the President, as he, Mr. BEER, had always declared, and so had his big brother, that there would be no increase in the rates. Could the President say what the rates of the future would be?

The President confessed he could not, as finance was not his forte; in fact, he always carefully avoided it; but it had been publicly stated by the Chief Commissioner of Works for the City, that it would probably be about sixteen shillings in the pound, or about three times the present amount.

The Treasurer was selected for the office of Common Crier. It was objected that he had made a very good thing of his office by the interest received upon his large balances, but he repudiated the charge with indignation, as his largest balance had never reached £300, and nearly the whole of that was drawn out in the following month, to pay the expense of their frolicsome Lambs—(*a laugh*)—for attending their bogus meetings.

The Club sat till a late hour, but, before separating, every member present was able to join heartily in their popular chorus:—

"I think in the new Municipalities  
I something have found that will just suit me!  
And that was why I came here, my boys,  
That was why I came here!"

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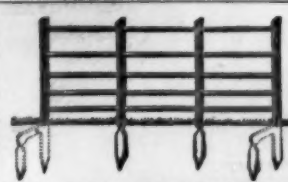
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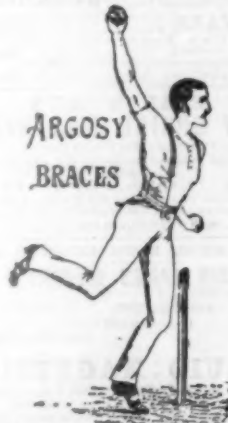
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